

VOLUME XLII.—NO. 48.

NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 12, 1900.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,021.

The Mercury.

Squadron Coming Soon

Admiral Farnham, commander-in-chief of the North American Squadron, had a conference with Secretary Long in Washington on Wednesday, during which the plans for the summer cruise were mapped out. The admiral's flagship, New York, in company with the Texas, is now lying in Hampton Roads. It was arranged that upon leaving Hampton Roads the ships should proceed to New York, arriving there in time to give the annual salute off Grant's tomb in Riverside Park, on May 30.

After some fitting out at the navy yard at New York, the New York and Texas will proceed to Newport, where the Kearsarge will join them, and the three ships, with the torpedo flotilla, will work out some of the plans of the Naval War College which will be in session at that time at Newport. This work will be undertaken about June 1. It will be concluded in time to enable the squadron to reach Boston before June 17 to take part in the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill.

The ships will then proceed to Portsmouth, N. H., where the citizens have arranged a celebration on August 6, during which they will present to the battleship Kearsarge a bronze tablet, the gift of New Hampshire. The project includes the presentation of a similar tablet to the Alabama, and the governor of Alabama will be invited to receive the tablet as a mark of the complete extinguishment of sectional feeling.

Dramatic Entertainment.

An entertainment took place at the Guild House of the Zabriskie Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist on Wednesday evening last, and was largely attended. A drama, "For the Honor of France" was well given, the participants being W. J. Vans, A. T. Bailey, F. Hoffman, T. G. Briggs, D. Boone, with Miss Hattie Hayes as Queen of France. A comedy called "A Pair of Lunatics" was presented by Mr. William Gardner and Miss Elsie Hathaway and afforded much amusement to the audience.

Between the drama and comedy a musical programme was rendered. Mr. A. H. Swan sang a solo, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Messrs. Sydney Geeson and Tracy Jordan. They sang "You Told Me You Had Money in the Bank," and for an encore they sang the chorus.

Miss Marian Dowling and Miss Holmes were the accompanists of the evening. After the entertainment the floor was cleared for dancing, which was greatly enjoyed by those present. The Training Station Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. Cunningham, furnished the music, and Mr. Joseph S. Noss prompted.

Refreshments were on sale in the hall and were patronized freely by the dancers.

The entertainment was under the management of Mr. Frank Carr, with Mr. Charles A. Wahlgren as assistant. Being a benefit for a young Newport man, who is unable, through illness, to work for a living, the services of those who took part were given free.

The second annual reunion of the Officers' Association, First Rhode Island United States Volunteer Infantry, was held in Providence on Thursday, Colonel Herbert Bliss of this city presiding in the absence of Colonel Charles W. Abbott, president. A letter was read from Captain A. A. Barker of this city, now serving with the 26th Infantry in the Philippines, and the secretary was instructed to write Captain Barker, naming other absent members, letters of remembrance. The election resulted as follows:

Vice President—Maj. Herbert Bliss.
First Vice President—Capt. George A. Forsyth.
Secretary and Treasurer—Capt. Alonso R. Williams.
Executive Committee—Capt. N. Darrell Harvey, Capt. Maurice R. Cook.

Yesterday was Arbor Day and was observed with appropriate exercises in the public schools. The exercises generally were in the nature of readings and talks by the teachers on the significance of the day. There was but one session of the schools. The various banks were closed during the day.

The sailors from Battleship Kearsarge have been quite conspicuous upon the streets this week. One night a number of them secured bicycles and there was a grand mix-up on Thames street, as the result of which one man was removed to the hospital.

Letter Carriers George E. Gorton and W. J. Anderson have appeared in their new uniforms, and are wearing stars instead of stripes. Carrier Gorton wears two black stars for ten years of service and Carrier Anderson appears with one red star for fifteen years of service.

Rev. William G. Cassard, D. D., chaplain at the training station, will deliver the oration on Memorial Day, and Rev. Geo. Whitefield Mead will act as Chaplain of the Day. The Newport Artillery Company will appear as escort to the Grand Army posts.

The battleship Kearsarge, which arrived in the harbor on Friday a week ago, is expected to sail today, having completed the taking on of her torpedoes.

Bishop Clark has arrived for the summer and is at the Cram Cottage, on Purgatory Road.

Benefit Social.

An entertainment in the form of a social and benefit, was given in Masonic Hall on Monday evening last, and was listened to by an appreciative audience. The first number on the program was a vocal solo, "She Rests by the Susquehanna River," by Mr. Daniel Sullivan, which was rendered in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Sullivan received much applause and was obliged to respond to an encore. The next selection was a violin solo, "The Blue Bells of Scotland," by Master John Greene, and from the hearty welcome Master Greene received when he appeared before the audience showed that he had been heard before and was a great favorite. At the finish he was obliged to respond to a well-deserved encore.

The St. Cecilia Quartette, composed of Miss Curley, soprano; Miss Martin, alto; Mr. Albro, tenor; Mr. Swan, baritone, sang "Spring" in a delightful manner, and were the recipients of much applause, responding to an encore.

Mr. Earle C. Simmons next appeared and recited "The Maniac." Mr. Simmons deserves special mention for the manner in which he rendered his selection, and gives much promise for the future. To many he was a stranger, being heard for the first time, and one would never think he was a young amateur, for he could well be classed with the professionals. For the great applause he received he recited "The Face on the Bar Room Floor," and the reception tendered him when he finished was as great as after his first recitation.

Mr. Mitt Shea then sang "If Dreams Come True," and he also received his share of the evening's applause, having to sing a second piece. The St. Cecilia Quartette again appeared and sang "The Harp that once Thro' Tara's Hall" and "Oft in the Stilly Night." Both of these selections were beautifully sung. Little Miss Byrnes gave a piano selection which was thoroughly enjoyed by her listeners. To satisfy them she was obliged to render a second selection.

The last number on the programme was in the form of a "specialty" by Messrs. Sydney Geeson and Tracy Jordan. They sang "You Told Me You Had Money in the Bank," and for an encore they sang the chorus.

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Mrs. Bertha L. wife of Mr. George Elmer Coggeshall, died at her home in Portsmouth on Friday, the 4th inst., from an attack of scarlet fever. The deceased was a daughter of Mrs. Mary E. Main, who resides on Church street, in this city. She was twenty-two years of age and leaves a husband and two small children.

Last evening (Friday) was the date for the performance by Prof. Johnson's Female Minstrels at Masonic Hall, under the auspices of the Unity Club. The performers were well known young ladies of this city, but one who read their names on the programme would never recognize them.

The remains of the late Mrs. R. L. Willing were brought to this city on Tuesday last and interred in the family lot in the Island Cemetery. The services, which took place at the Belmont Memorial Chapel, were conducted by Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, of Trinity Church.

Mrs. Jordan, widow of the late John H. Jordan, has so far recovered from her recent illness as to be able to pay a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Elliott, in Middletown.

Steam Launch Scout, the new tender for August Belmont, came down from Bristol Tuesday afternoon. She is a handsome and serviceable looking craft.

The various carboats and small pleasure craft about the city are being rapidly prepared to go into commission.

Mr. David T. Fininger is making extensive improvements to his residence on Broadway.

Mrs. John Blair, of this city, is spending a few days with friends in Middletown.

The shipment to New York of scup and other fish is going on rapidly. Scup have struck in large numbers.

Colonel Herbert Bliss, commanding the Newport Artillery Company, has made the following appointments of non-commissioned officers:

Sergeant Major—R. S. Bissell.

Adjutant—Thomas S. Lawton.

Quartermaster Sergeant—O. F. Peabody.

Commissary Sergeant—W. P. Hayman.

Cook Sergeant—J. R. Harvey.

Clerk Sergeant—C. E. Wallace.

Miss Margaret T. Taylor, 31 feet; southerly, by land of Corn A. Young, 40 feet; easterly, by land of Alexander W. Thompson and wife, 63 feet; and westerly, by said new street, 63 feet.

The Wells Fire.

The W. Storrs Wells villa on Bellevue avenue at the corner of Ruggles avenue was totally destroyed by fire last Friday evening. The cause of the fire is more or less of a mystery. It has been suggested that it caught from the furnace, but those who made a careful examination of the premiums do not coincide with the opinion. The watchman attended the furnace shortly before eight o'clock and it was a few minutes after eight when he discovered the flames. He quickly informed the nearby residents and an alarm was telephoned from the Scott residence on the opposite corner, box 51 being rung in from headquarters. The apparatus responded promptly but most of the companies were a long distance from the scene of the fire. When Chief Engineer Kirwin arrived upon the premises he saw that the building was doomed and promptly rang in a second alarm, shortly followed by a general alarm calling the entire department to the locality.

The fire was under rapid headway when the first apparatus arrived. The strong west wind blew through the rear of the house and fanned the blaze into a devouring flame. Many streams of water played on the structure but were powerless to quench the fury of the flames. Some furniture, books and bric-a-brac were brought out from the front rooms and removed to a place of safety, but smoke and flames spread so rapidly that little salvage work could be done. Several chests of tools belonging to the workmen were brought out in safety.

Sparks threatened the destruction of the Ellis residence on the opposite side of Bellevue avenue and the men of the chemical engine were detailed to protect it, while the rest of the department poured water on the flames. It was not until long after daylight Saturday morning that the firemen returned to their homes, although most of the immense crowd of spectators that assembled dispersed before eleven o'clock.

The loss to the building and contents will be probably more than \$100,000. Insurance to the amount of \$90,000 was carried. The building has been in the hands of the workmen all winter, extensive alterations having been made.

The original house was an old one but had been extensively enlarged. It formerly stood on Bellevue avenue opposite Touro Park. It was removed to its present location and was purchased by Mr. Wells a number of years ago. During the past winter extensive improvements were made. Contractor Curdy did the building, Alexander Booth, the mason work, the Newport Foundry & Machine Company, the heating, Joseph Haire, plumbing, and George E. Vernon furniture and staircase. A large part of Vernon's work had not been installed.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells came on from New York after the fire to inspect the ruins. The contractors will be protected against loss by the owner and it is probable that a modern stone villa will be erected in place of the burned structure.

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A cake and candy sale for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church was held under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society at the residence of Mrs. Asa B. Kennan on School street Thursday afternoon and evening. The tables were well filled with the articles offered for sale and the arrangement was particularly attractive. Many of the plants and flowers used for decoration purposes were offered to purchasers. The sale was a success financially.

The Minuteman Golf Club has arranged for a handicap match among its members for each Saturday afternoon. The grounds are rapidly taking on an improved appearance and will be a credit to the club. The green committee, of which Mr. George N. Buckhout is chairman, is responsible for the improvement in the links.

There was a three-cornered bowling match of the Newport teams in Fall River Thursday evening. The teams were the Artillery, the Columbias and the Gardeners and the first named were victorious, having a score of 1879 to 1588 for the Columbias and 1407 for the Gardeners.

It is reported that Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt will open her handsome residence The Breakers late in the summer season.

Mrs. William Leys and family of this city are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Smith, in Middletown.

Newport Artillery Company.

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Colonel Herbert Bliss has sold for Herbert C. Albro and wife a lot of land on the easterly side of a new street, running in a northerly direction from Channing street to Van Zandt avenue, to Alexander W. Thompson and wife. The lot is bounded northerly by land of Miss Margaret T. Taylor, 31 feet; southerly, by land of Corn A. Young, 40 feet; easterly, by land of Alexander W. Thompson and wife, 63 feet; and westerly, by said new street, 63 feet.

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The Ring of the Matterhorn.

By JOHN J. BECKET.

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CHAPTER II CONTINUED.

But at last she felt rested. She got up and took a cold sponge bath, as invigorating as possible, and prepared her self for breakfast with a warm eagerness to meet Stanley. What a fresh, eager, keen, healthy boy he was! She liked a young fellow who sealed the Matterhorn in that carefree, offhand fashion. He was a man after her heart. Incidentally he was a bold, hand-some youth. If those cool blue eyes were to ever quiver to love's expectancy, what burning beacons they would be! But Miss Rodney pulled herself up sharply at such a ridiculous thought. Nice way for a girl to feel toward a young man she had only known for a few hours and that with a rope around their waists most of the time and clinging breathlessly to the shaggy points of the shaggy surface of the Matterhorn. Any little shaggy could feel that way. And yet that is the way Miss Rodney felt. She was an honest girl, and she wasn't going to disguise to herself how much she was interested in this charming fellow. He had been so manly and considerate on the way down. And he joined his easy, athletic ability with such delightful grace, that perfect simplicity and self-possession and thoughtfulness which mark the ideal gentleman. Still, Miss Rodney checked herself up when she felt that enthusiasm was getting the better of judgment. She would do nothing if not her cool, dignified self, which did not prevent her arraying herself in her best gown, and, brushing her hair very carefully, Miss Rodney had a conviction that at least she was the best looking woman that had ever coquettish with the Matterhorn, and in this she was not wrong.

She did not see anything of her comely, ingenuous companion of the mountain. At last she inquired where he was. To her regret, and it was really a keen disappointment that she felt, she was told that Mr. Stanley had left the day after his return from the Matterhorn. He had received a telegram that had summoned him to London in hot haste. Miss Rodney then asked for her mail. It would have been natural for him to leave some message for her. To her increased disgust there was nothing for her. Well, she had climbed the Matterhorn! That was safe. Nothing could rob her of this magnificent vindication of her womanly prowess. She sighed to think she was not the first. It would have been no burden to have stood third on the list or fourth. However, the company was small enough to make it exclusive and a brilliant distinction to belong to it!

Having downed the Matterhorn, Miss Rodney felt no inclination to return home. It was not pleasant to be trotting around by herself. It was too bad that the young man had been telegraphed for. He might at least have left a message. Surely there was as much reason for his feeling no interest in her as for her having such a warm spot for him in her heart. She, a woman, and a girl at that, had done something that even he, a strong, vigorous, courageous man, had felt proud of achieving.

Miss Rodney headed straight for London. She ran across the Vassar professor and all her school following in Paris.

"How did you find your friend?" she asked of Miss Rodney.

"Oh, I was received as well as I could have expected. But this friend is rather cold and keeps very much apart," she answered smilingly. She certainly was not libeling the Matterhorn.

In London she went into Low's Exchange to see who was registered there, and while in that quaint trysting place for drifting Americans met a young man from New York. He was an old ac-

quaintance. He invited her to go to the Lyceum and promised to call for her at the Metropole that evening with his mother and sister.

He did so, and Miss Rodney enjoyed the evening thoroughly. After the theater the young fellow proposed a supper at the Savoy. Miss Rodney, who felt like a laborer after a hard day's work when she reflected on her weary climb up the Matterhorn, was bent on refusal pleasure and gladly assented.

It was a gay little supper with champagne. The American plate is nowhere more pleasantly entertained than at a well-ordered dinner or supper.

Near them at a table sat a man with a handsome young woman. The girl was a fine type of the British female at its physical best. There was a suspicion of coarseness about her, though she was a sleek, well-groomed animal creature.

The man was red-faced with a blotchy complexion, large nose, and a scraggly mustache. His hair was thin and his general appearance dissipated and blasé. He did not pay much attention to the girl. Every now and then he felt of his mustache in an absent-minded way that suggested the wavering mind of a shattered gool liver. He stuck his monocle into his eye and inspected Miss Rodney with a cool air of appraisal that brought her American spirit to its legs for a moment. She gave one contemptuous glance at him, which did not have the effect of visibly disconcerting the man, although he transferred his attention for half a moment to the rest of the party.

"Who is that?" she asked in a low, indignant tone of Mr. Ramsay.

"That," he answered with a half

smiling smile. "is the Earl of Carrington, one of the biggest blackguards in the United Kingdom. He had a stroke of something or other two weeks ago, and I am surprised to see him so much on deck again. But it is hard to kill that sort of a reptile."

"Who is the girl with him?" inquired Miss Rodney.

"That is a young woman from the Safety named Ethel Camperdown. She used to do a skirt dance there very badly. But she is, as you see, a very pretty girl. She is not doing the dance now."

"I shouldn't think they would let that sort of people in here," said Miss Rodney disgustedly.

"What! A lord and a well-behaved young woman who acts like a perfect lady!" retorted Ramsay. "They are glad to have them. They add to the general attractiveness."

Miss Rodney could not refrain from stealing another glance at the man whom her aunt had proposed as her husband. Her detestation of him in the abstract, when she knew nothing of him but what rumor had to say, was considerably enhanced by the spectacle he presented. He was evidently a little the worse for liquor and was drinking champagne freely.

During the course of the conversation Mr. Ramsay spoke Miss Rodney's name clearly enough for the noble lord to hear it. He braced himself up and stared at her again with considerable interest. Miss Rodney chanced to look his way at the moment. He raised his champagne glass with a slightly unsteady hand and, without withdrawing his glance, held it a moment and then raised it to his lips. He had the air of drinking to her.

With a curl of her lip Miss Rodney turned away her face with a fresh movement of disgust. They were through, to her relief, and Mrs. Ramsay rose. As they passed the table where the earl and his companion were sitting, Miss Rodney carried herself with a hauteur which seemed to afford the noble lord not a little amusement.

With some remarks to the girl, he rose and followed them. He spoke to a man in the hall, and then returned and told his ruddy-faced, Guileless girl something which he and she both found rather laughable.

The man to whom he had spoken took it on himself to open the carriage door for Mr. Ramsay's guests, and, naturally, the order he gave the driver to go to the Metropole.

The next morning at about 10 a very ant brought Miss Rodney a card. She picked it up with that pleasant interest one feels in a caller when one is in a foreign land. Her cheek grew hot as she read it. Then, acting on an impulse, she tore the card in two and said coolly to the servant:

"You can take the card back. That is the only answer."

About 20 minutes later the servant brought her a note, written on the hotel paper. The address was in a loose, scrawling hand. She opened it and glanced at the name at the bottom. Her temper was not improved by seeing that it was once more the hated name of Carrington. Her first movement was to treat it as she had the card, but the curiosity of a woman led her to read it.

Dear Miss Rodney—Don't see why you are so foolish, rule to a fellow. You can't put it in your way to make a tidy pot of money by marrying me. If I refuse, it is to go to you. I wanted to let you know that I don't refuse. I will marry you any time you like. You've got to make up your mind in the next six or seven months. If you refuse, I get it, so you see. I'm only doing the decent thing in showing my willingness to marry you. We don't have to do any hawking around. I know, though I should be charmed to do a little of that too. You ought to let me know what you want to do. Yours, if you want me.

CARRINGTON.

Miss Rodney shook with passion as she read this low, insulting note. The man evidently realized that he would be no loser if he should be rejected. He would inherit then. This letter was an attempt to force her to repulse him. It was only too evident that he preferred the money without herself. The girl had never felt such a blinding rage as at this moment. She glanced around the room hopelessly, beating the ground impatiently with her foot. Oh, how Miss Rodney longed to be a man!

Her eye fell on her riding crop. For one moment an almost irresistible desire invaded her hotly beating heart to give the miserable cad who had had such studied insolence insulted her womanhood one lesson which should be a fitting answer as well. She discarded the wild idea almost instantly with a shudder that he could despoil her to such a temptation.

She hurriedly rose and at once went down stairs to the waiting car. The

carriage was empty, happily, save for the detestable figure sitting with long legs stretched out and hands thrust into pockets. With her head well in the air and her eyes fixed steadily on him Miss Rodney advanced quickly but with a dignity all her own.

Carrington longed to his feet and made a slight bow but without removing his hands from his pockets.

"That," he answered, "is the Earl of Carrington."

"At your service," he replied, with a mocking inclination.

"Then, when you have removed your hands from your pockets, there are a few words which, for my own sake, I wish to say to you."

"I am glad to see you are so much of a lady," he said sarcastically, slowly removing his hands.

"I have never fully realized the insatiable nature of my aunt's proposition, revolting enough to me even had I been a gentleman, until I saw you. My answer the moment I heard her

was 'No' in a way that could leave no doubt in his mind," replied Miss Rodney.

"Don't talk about it any more. The whole sickening business has made me hate the very name of Carrington. But you need not despise him so much. After all, he was within his right, and you are refusing to do what justice and your own honor demand. There is no use of talking about it any more," she concluded, rising to go.

"Well, give me time to make the arrangement," said Uncle Josiah, with a caressing air. "You don't expect me to go right down to the bank and get it now. Besides, you ought to bring on Strandham, Scanlon—what was his name?—to prove your statement. You could advertise for him in the London Times. See he will hear of something

terrible as that," replied the girl coolly.

"Well, I anticipated some such sub-

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"Don't talk about it any more. The whole sickening business has made me hate the very name of Carrington. But you need not despise him so much. After all, he was within his right, and you are refusing to do what justice and your own honor demand. There is no use of talking about it any more," she concluded, rising to go.

"Well, give me time to make the arrangement," said Uncle Josiah, with a caressing air. "You don't expect me to go right down to the bank and get it now. Besides, you ought to bring on Strandham, Scanlon—what was his name?—to prove your statement. You could advertise for him in the London Times. See he will hear of something

terrible as that," replied the girl coolly.

"Well, I anticipated some such sub-

terfuge as that," she replied coolly.

"That," he answered with a half

smiling smile.

"I am glad to see you are so much of a lady," he said sarcastically, slowly removing his hands.

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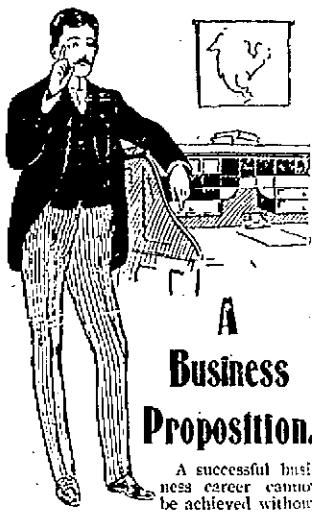
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A Business Proposition.

A successful business career cannot be achieved without sound health. The business man should guard his health as he guards his capital; for health is part of his capital, and the impairment of that capital affects every business interest. A sedentary occupation and quick lunches, soon show their effects in a sluggish liver. The use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure "liver trouble" as well as indigestion and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

The "Discovery" strengthens the body by supplying Nature with strength giving materials. It contains no whisky, alcohol or other intoxicant.

"After three years of suffering with liver trouble and indigestion," writes Mr. Edward Jacobs, of Marion, Crawford Co., Indiana, "I gave up all hope of ever getting strong again, but when chance has to try your medicine, I had tried all the home doctors and received but little relief. After taking three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one vial of his "Pleasant Pellets" I am stout and healthy."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of "Golden Medical Discovery."

Fall River Line.

For New York, the South and West

Steamers PRISCILLA and PLYMOUTH in connection.

Leave New York, week days and Sundays, at 4:30 p.m. Due New York 7 a.m.

Returning—From New York steamers leave Pier 19, N. E., foot of Warren Street, week days and Sundays, 12 m., due Fall River, 10 a.m.

Arrive Fall River, remaining there until 8:30 a.m., before proceeding to Fall River.

For tickets and steamers apply at New York and Boston Express Office, 272 Thames Street, J. L. Greene, Ticket Agent.

J. H. JOHNSON, Agent, Newport, R. I.

O. H. TAYLOR, General Passenger Agent, N. Y.

Providence, Fall River & Newport

Steamboat Company.

On and after May 1.

LEAVE NEWPORT FOR

PROVIDENCE

Week days \$20 a. m.; Sundays \$30 a. m.

Leave Providence for Newport, week days, 4 p.m.; Sundays 5 p.m.

Arrive Providence only, stop at Providence and return, stop at Providence Monday only, each way.

Special Saturday Excursion 75 cents.

Good to return only at 1 p. m., same day or following Monday.

B. BUFFUS, Super. Transportation.

ARTHUR H. WATSON, President.

Newport & Wickford

RAILROAD AND STEAMBOAT CO.

THE WICKFORD ROUTE.

In effect November 1, 1896.

Leave

	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Newport	\$10.00	\$12.20	\$10.00	\$12.25
Providence	10.00	12.15	10.50	12.50
Boston, R. I.	11.00	14.00	11.00	14.00
New York	14.00	16.50	13.00	15.00
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave				

Only except Sundays.

Washington Express due Harlan River Station, New York, 205 a. m.; Philadelphia, 6:30 a. m.; Baltimore, 9:25 a. m.; Washington, 10:30 a. m.

Arriving this train is the through Pullman Express (the Harlan River) leaving Washington 5:00 p. m.; Baltimore 6:35 p. m.; Philadelphia 8:30 p. m.; Washington 10:00 p. m.

Providence 11:15 a. m.; Fall River 1:35 p. m.

Newport, R. I. 6:35 a. m.; 1:00 p. m.; 6:10 p. m.

A. M. P. M. 10:15 a. m.

How To Go Upstairs.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

A physician, who declared that few people know how to walk upstairs properly, was asked to describe how it should be done. He said: "Usually a person will tread on the ball of his foot in taking each step. This is very tiresome and wearing on the muscles, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the legs and feet. You should in walking or climbing stairs seek for the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible. In walking up stairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any particular muscle, but each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The woman who goes up stairs with a spring is no philosopher, or at least she is not making a proper use of her reasoning faculties. The habit, too, of bending over half double when ascending a flight of stairs is exceedingly reprehensible. In any exertion of this kind, when the heart is naturally excited to a more rapid action, it is desirable that the lungs should have full play. The crutching position interferes with their action, the blood is imperfectly aerated, and there is trouble at once. Give the lungs a chance to do their work everywhere and at all times."

—New York Sun.

A Flying Star.

On a summer evening you may see Arcturus high up in the south or southwest in June or July and farther down in the west in August or September. You will know it by its red color. That star has been "dying" straight ahead ever since astronomers began to observe it at such a speed that it would run from New York to Chicago in a small fraction of a minute. You would have to be sure to rise from your chair, put on your hat and overcoat and gloves and go out on the street while it was crossing the Atlantic ocean from New York to Liverpool. And yet if you should watch that star all your life, and live as long as Methuselah, you would not be able to see that it moved at all. The journey that it would make in a thousand years would be as nothing alongside its distance. Professor Simon Newcomb, in *Youth's Companion*,

Getting Back at Her.

"For the last time, I ask you," he hissed, "will you give up the notion that you can recite melodeon pieces?"

"Never!" replied the woman, his wife, but resolute.

Her face grew terrible to behold.

Then he cried in a voice vibrating with passion, "I shall assume that I can tell Irish dialect stories!"

Now she grovels at his feet and implores him to be merciful, but in vain.

—Detroit Journal.

A Clear Case.

"What's the charge?" asked the court.

"The prisoner, your honor," replied the officer, "asked the man here what his father was doing and when told that the latter was a spy in a mint without provocation called the father a mince pie."

"Poor fellow!" said the court. "An examination into his sanity seems almost unnecessary." —Philadelphia North American.

Athletics Has Craze.

Amy—Do you know, I'm afraid Fred is mad with me? The last time he called he didn't tell me how he got that scar on his right little finger.

Bertha—Are you sure it is not your own fault? Have you always shown sufficient interest in a matter which is of so much importance to Fred—the only subject, in fact, which he is able to converse upon with facility?—Boston Transcript.

Hard Words.

Mrs. Tucker—Tommy, what makes you so late?

Tommy—Had some words with the teacher, and she kept me in after school.

Mrs. Tucker—You had words with the teacher?

Tommy—Yes'm, I couldn't spell 'em.—Chicago Tribune.

Her Reason.

"Why did Mrs. Frizzington, the rich widow who furnished all the money for the business she and you have started, want the name of the firm to be 'Hoofle & Frizzington' instead of 'Frizzington & Hoofle,' as it ought to be, seeing that she is much more heavily interested than you?"

"She didn't want to be referred to as 'the senior partner,'"—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Implicit Trust.

Mrs. Blinckers—What! Going away? Why?

Servant—Yes, m'm. When I came yesterday you gave me the keys to your trunks and drawers and chests and jewel boxes to keep for you.

Mrs. Blinckers—Yes, I did that to show that I trusted you. What is the matter?

Servant—Ther' don't one of 'em fit.

Mistress and Maid.

Mistress—So your first name is Clorinda. Well, I think I will call you by your last name.

New Maid—Darling, ma'am.—New York Tribune.

Clever Suggestion.

"How shall I prove the sincerity of my devotion?" asked the young man who had been so long coming to the point that doubt had begun to accumulate against him.

"Call the person in as a witness," suggested the young lady.—Detroit Free Press.

A Labor Saving Device.

Lord Stonehouse-Simmons! Yes, I'm mad.

Lord Stonehouse—I've decided to get married. Go and propose to Miss Longgreen for me.—New York Journal.

OFFICIAL TIME TABLE.

Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company.

Leave Fall River for Newport—7:45, 7:45, 8:15, 10:45, 11:45 a. m.; 1:15, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 4:15, 5:15, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45 p. m.

Leave Newport for Fall River—7:45, 7:45, 8:15, 10:45, 11:45 a. m.; 1:15, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 4:15, 5:15, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Newport—7:45, 7:45, 8:15, 10:45, 11:45 a. m.; 1:15, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 4:15, 5:15, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Boston—7:45, 7:45, 8:15, 10:45, 11:45 a. m.; 1:15, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 4:15, 5:15, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Providence—7:45, 7:45, 8:15, 10:45, 11:45 a. m.; 1:15, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 4:15, 5:15, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45 p. m.

Leave Fall River for New Bedford—7:45, 7:45, 8:15, 10:45, 11:45 a. m.; 1:15, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 4:15, 5:15, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45 p. m.

Leave Fall River for Providence—7:45, 7:45, 8:15, 10:45, 11:45 a. m.; 1:15, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 4:15, 5:15, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45 p. m.

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GUMPTION.

"ONE does not have gumption till one has been properly cheated." Persons of gumption are using Ivory Soap, women who have trusted themselves too near the precipice of false economy and who can now appreciate the true economy in a soap made of pure vegetable oils and other high-class ingredients, but made, in such quantity as to bring the price within the reach of the very poorest family. Indeed it is the very poor who most need it, for they can least afford the extravagance of common soap.

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Books and Magazines.

Diana Tempest.

The Appletons have brought out a new addition of Diana Tempest by Mary Cholmondeley, the gifted author who gave to the world Red Pottoe and The Danvers Jewels. By many Diana Tempest is considered more entertaining than Red Pottoe and for those who have not yet had the privilege of acquaintance with Di and her friends a rare treat is in store. Miss Cholmondeley is acknowledged as one of the cleverest of the many clever novelists whose books have entertained the public this season. The reader of Diana Tempest can well believe this.

The plot of the story is excellent and well carried out, retaining the interest through every chapter. The descriptive powers of the author are also good, but her true strength and charm lay in her knowledge of human nature and her clever portrayal of character. The two strong characters are Diana Tempest and her cousin, John Teepete. Di might well be considered as an angel of a somewhat worldly turn of mind, but with the angel part predominating. Strong and pure in character and mind, she illuminates the story with a pure radiance that blinds us to the unsightly side of social life that is of necessity disclosed. That this proud spirit finally bent to the will of another increases her charm rather than detracting from it. There are other characters that are simple and lovable, as well as some that discover no grace or attraction.—[D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.]

Ex-President Cleveland on College Training.

Ex-President Cleveland, in the forthcoming College Man's number of the Saturday Evening Post, discusses the oft-asked question: Does a College Education Pay? and makes out a strong case in favor of giving a young man the advantages of a university training. Other contributors to this special double number are: President Patton, of Princeton; President Jordan, of Leeland Stanford; President Butler, of Colby; President Angell, of Michigan, and President McClure, of Lake Forest. The fiction features are by Ian Maclaren, Jesse Lynch Williams, Charles M. Flundren, Stanley Waterloo and W. L. Alden. The College Man's Number of the Saturday Evening Post will be on all news-stands May 24.

The Boy Knew.

Small Boy—If a barrel weighs 30 pounds, what would you put in it to make it weigh 20 pounds?

Great Mathematician—Give it up.

Small Boy—Holes.—Philadelphia Press.

Thought is company only for those who are capable of entertaining it.

Industrial Trust Co.

NEWPORT BRANCH.

SUMMARY REPORT OF CONDITION OF INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY, MARCH 20, 1900.

Capital,	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits,	537,280.23
Deposits,	11,701,148.62
Assets,	13,238,428.85

With the very large resources of the Industrial Trust Company, its customers can always receive the recommendation to which they are entitled, no matter what the firm may be.

BRANCH BANKING is in general use, both in Great Britain and Continental Europe, and is rapidly growing in favor in this country.

The Industrial Trust Company, Newport Branch, respectfully calls its dear account, and offers you all the facilities of the Company itself.

FREDERICK TOMPKINS, Chairman Board of Managers.

THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Manager.

BOARD OF MANAGERS:

H. AUDLEY CLARKE,
THOMAS DUNN,
THEODORE K. GIBBS,
HENRY A. C. TAYLOR,

ANGUS MCLEOD,
THOMAS P. PECKHAM,
JEREMIAH W. HORTON,
GEORGE R. CHASE

ON BOERS' HEELS. FOUND IN MEADOW.

Roberts Pressing Botha With an Overwhelming Force.

British Will Try to Prevent Organized Resistance South of Kroonstad.

London, May 11.—Lord Roberts' announcement last evening of the flight of the Boers from the Zand river has naturally caused considerable gratification at the war office, where it is now believed that he will not allow the Federal enough breathing space to reform southward of Kroonstad. It is just possible that Lord Roberts' transport may be in such condition that he will be able to keep his troops moving so rapidly as to drive the Boers right through Kroonstad without giving them time to organize resistance in the formidable entrenchments so carefully prepared at the Valsch river. The fact that General French and the cavalry have been brought up to supplement General Hutton's mounted infantry leads to the hope in British official circles that the pursuit announced by Lord Roberts may prevent all the Boer guns and convoy from escaping.

Members of the house of commons were freely betting in the lobbies last evening that Lord Roberts would be in Pretoria in two months. The imperialists are building confident hopes upon the comprehensive plan he has communicated to the war office. Predictions are definitely made that he will enter Kroonstad next Monday, and it is believed that his advance is probably already reconnoitering the vicinity of Ventersburg, where the hill country begins again.

Beyond Kroonstad is an intricate and difficult country, and if the Boers should elect to fight, it is possible they could check the progress of the British until Lord Roberts' numerous cavalry had had time to ride around their flank and threaten their rear.

From 15,000 to 20,000 is the highest estimate of the Boers under the personal command of General Botha, who is said to have 16 guns. Lord Roberts is pressing hard after this force, with 65,000 men and 140 guns, and 29,000 more men are easily available.

Lord Roberts' concise summaries of results are not supplemented by any up-to-date press telegrams. The correspondents are confined in their narratives to events two or three days old as far as Lord Roberts is concerned.

President Steyn, with 10,000 men, is reported to have been east of Thabanchu yesterday noon, and a battle was then imminent. The advance troops of General Rundle and General Brabant were being fired upon.

According to advices from Durban, dated Thursday, General Buller's army is "showing activity," but a complete news embargo is imposed upon the correspondents with him.

Parties of Boers are still holding the mountains adjacent to Springfield.

During a concert for the relief of the sufferers from the Biggle works explosion, given Sunday evening at Pretoria in the Gailey theatre, the doors were suddenly closed, and every man in the audience was commanded. All the horses were taken from the conveyances outside.

President Kruger has released The Daily Mail correspondents, Messrs. Hollaway and Hofmeyer.

Yesterday the foreign merchants at Lourenzo Marquez held an indignation meeting, to protest against the new regulation, whereby clothing, blankets and "bully" beef are declared contraband.

Twelve thousand cases of supplies are now in bond there, and as much more is expected. Two French vessels, carrying goods consigned to Lydenburg, have been stopped.

Insurgents Whipped by Americans.

Manila, May 11.—The insurgents have suffered a heavy loss at Tabako, province of Albay, Luzon. About 200 rifles and 800 bofongs were preparing to attack the town, and Captain Simons, with a company of the Forty-seventh volunteer regiment, advanced to meet them and killed many. The insurgent leader, a native priest, was wounded and captured after his horse had been shot under him. Three Americans were wounded.

A Valuable Piece of Horseshoe.

Louisville, May 11.—A week ago yesterday Lieutenant Gibson galloped home an easy winner of the Kentucky derby and his share of the stake was \$500. Yesterday he made his owner \$350 richer by winning for him the Clarke stakes, a mile and an eighth. He had to carry 127 pounds, but he equalled the track record for the distance, 1:34 flat, which has been held by Pearl Jennings, 4 years old, with 76 pounds up, since 1888.

Noted For Hard-Headedness.

Williamstown, Mass., May 11.—Abraham Parsons, known throughout this part of the state as "Abe, the Bunter," died at the town farm on Wednesday. He was a negro and almost a centenarian. He was able to break planks, break doors and stoves by bumping them with his forehead. At cattle fairs for half a century Abe had been a great attraction, and many small circuses included him among their "artists."

Our Indictments Aga. His.

Manchester, N. H., May 11.—In the circuit term of the supreme court, Monday, Myron H. Stone, a man past middle age, was convicted of making a criminal assault upon a 13-year-old girl. Four separate indictments for this offense were returned against Stone by the grand jury. Stone has not yet been sentenced.

Music Gal Are Again. Falls.

Boston, May 11.—Another reduction among the employees of the water department was announced yesterday by Water Commissioner Martin. The list includes 116 men, and it is the largest announced at any one time, with one exception, since Mayor Hart took the oath of office on Jan. 1, 1900.

Younger Gal Are Again. Falls.

Winsted, Conn., May 11.—William H. Hall, aged 19, was arrested here, charged with bigamy. Hall was held for the superior court in \$1000 bonds. According to the story told at the hearing, Hall's first matrimonial venture took place on Feb. 27, 1888, when he took for his wife Mary A. McGinnan at Norwich. In December of the same year, it is alleged, he married Lizzie Hine of this place.

Bodies of Young People Who Had Been Missing.

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Lee, Mass., May 11.—The badly decomposed bodies of a colored woman about 20 years old and a half-grown boy were found in a low meadow and near the south boundary of the town, a mile from the highways, Tuesday evening. Medical Examiner Holcomb was notified and at once viewed the bodies. Both bodies were badly decomposed, showing that they had been there some weeks at least. Robert Jeffer, Dr. Holcomb's coachman, recognized the bodies as those of Miss Bessie Crozier and her brother, who disappeared in February, and were supposed to have run away, that the girl might escape marriage with Martin Neesick.

On the night of Feb. 25, Neesick drove with his mother to the residence of Rev. Samuel Hopley, left his mother there, and went ostensibly for Miss Crozier, his promised bride. The minister and the boy's mother waited until a late hour for them to come, but in vain. It is claimed that Neesick was away all night. At the time it was treated as a joke, as arrangements had been made for the marriage seven different times, and the bride had failed to respond.

William L. Van Allen, colored, who owns the house across the spot where the bodies were found, states that Miss Crozier and her brother left William Daye's Saturday night to come to his house, and that Neesick accompanied them part way, that they never arrived, and that Neesick called for them Sunday, and appeared much surprised that she was not there.

Medical Examiner Holcomb thought a deep ridge along the head of the boy, where the scalp was lifted, had been caused by the weather. His theory, until further examination is made, is that they started to cross lots on the night of Feb. 25, and in the snow got lost or overcome. The presence of a fence stake near the bodies may be accidental, but there is enough surrounding the disappearance of the couple and the finding of the bodies to cause much excitement and many rumors.

Men Must Stop Running Overtime.

Fall River, Mass., May 11.—State Inspector Tierney has notified the officers of the Parker, Hargraves, Arkwright and the Merchants' mills that they are violating the existing 55-hour law, in running after 6 p. m., and in posting more than one schedule of time for women and minors. The information is accompanied by a notice that the practice of sending women and minors out at noon so that they can obtain employment at night, must stop.

Machinists' Strike Probable.

Bridgeport, Conn., May 11.—There is every indication that there will be a general strike among the machinists of Bridgeport next Monday if the demand of the union men for nine-hour day at the present rate of wages, which will then be submitted to the employers, is not granted. Only a very small percentage of the machinists now employed here are non-union men, over 1500 members having been unionized within three months.

Grocery Firms Burned Out.

Concord, N. H., May 11.—A fire broke out early this morning in the Dow block, occupied by Dickerman & Co., wholesale grocers and flour merchants, and the buildings were totally destroyed. The buildings were erected at a cost of \$50,000, and the value of the stock is placed at \$30,000. Reed & Arlin, retail grocers, were the only other occupants of the buildings, and their loss is placed at \$2000.

Insurgents Whipped by Americans.

Manila, May 11.—The insurgents have suffered a heavy loss at Tabako, province of Albay, Luzon. About 200 rifles and 800 bofongs were preparing to attack the town, and Captain Simons, with a company of the Forty-seventh volunteer regiment, advanced to meet them and killed many. The insurgent leader, a native priest, was wounded and captured after his horse had been shot under him. Three Americans were wounded.

A Valuable Piece of Horseshoe.

Louisville, May 11.—A week ago yesterday Lieutenant Gibson galloped home an easy winner of the Kentucky derby and his share of the stake was \$500. Yesterday he made his owner \$350 richer by winning for him the Clarke stakes, a mile and an eighth. He had to carry 127 pounds, but he equalled the track record for the distance, 1:34 flat, which has been held by Pearl Jennings, 4 years old, with 76 pounds up, since 1888.

Noted For Hard-Headedness.

Williamstown, Mass., May 11.—Abraham Parsons, known throughout this part of the state as "Abe, the Bunter," died at the town farm on Wednesday. He was a negro and almost a centenarian. He was able to break planks, break doors and stoves by bumping them with his forehead. At cattle fairs for half a century Abe had been a great attraction, and many small circuses included him among their "artists."

Our Indictments Aga. His.

Manchester, N. H., May 11.—In the circuit term of the supreme court, Monday, Myron H. Stone, a man past middle age, was convicted of making a criminal assault upon a 13-year-old girl. Four separate indictments for this offense were returned against Stone by the grand jury. Stone has not yet been sentenced.

Music Gal Are Again. Falls.

Boston, May 11.—Another reduction among the employees of the water department was announced yesterday by Water Commissioner Martin. The list includes 116 men, and it is the largest announced at any one time, with one exception, since Mayor Hart took the oath of office on Jan. 1, 1900.

Younger Gal Are Again. Falls.

Winsted, Conn., May 11.—William H. Hall, aged 19, was arrested here, charged with bigamy. Hall was held for the superior court in \$1000 bonds. According to the story told at the hearing, Hall's first matrimonial venture took place on Feb. 27, 1888, when he took for his wife Mary A. McGinnan at Norwich. In December of the same year, it is alleged, he married Lizzie Hine of this place.

Every Man

Should see our collection of SPRING CLOTHING before purchasing. There is EVERYTHING here that people of good taste desire—nothing of the sham sort. The character of our business is reflected in the goods we sell.

We make it a point

To do business on the small profit basis, believing it pays us to give our customers good returns for their money. To insure absolute satisfaction we are always ready with

"Your money back if you want it."

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Residences, stores and offices wired for and lighted by

Incandescent Electric Light at lowest rates.

Poetry.**The Song of the Wheel.**

Whirl and click of spoked and chain,
Shudder and glisten of steel,
Throb of pedal and saddle-break;
This is the song of the wheel.
Think you, you of the shoulder-shrugs, you of
the scornful glance,
That I am only the son's fool, slipped in
To yoke by chance?
Joy me, and establish within the next
year's game? Nay,
I am the lunatic, whirling, swift, still-spir-
it of today.
Tycoon of the woodland road, Mercury
of the street,
Slipping sounds through the rush, frag-
ile, like the wind,
Whispering over the aspens, ghost-like I
glide through the park,
Puffing like my fire-light along the drive-
ways in the dark.
They know me in the far dells where Kur-
dish bands with the
Cannons roar, the source of my per-
sonal strength, though I stand alone.
Across their stretches gray, the Persians
watch me great;
To the endless sleep their cities keep, I
come, a disturbing dream.
Wherever the sun may entwined strands (spun
wie of spoke) hale I like.
All the animal pride of foaled days with
vanish like a mist.
Flight of pinwheels, here, once was seen
Knight, horse, and gay,
A, and into the whirling, swift, still-spir-
it of today.
Please hath struck the draft of Justice and
lured by length to soon
All of the sumptuous ease and free of a la-
cquered gate or door.
Tenebrosa! Imperative her clinging
summons ring.
I am the spirit of today and I am Pleasure's
King!
Whirl and click of spoked and chain,
Shudder and glisten of steel,
Throb of pedal and saddle-break;
This is the song of the wheel!

-Onward.

Selected Tale.**A Canadian Coquette.**

Mademoiselle de Lalanne was in a gay mood that night. She was very happy, and might, therefore, have been expected to be kind. On the contrary, with a woman's title to the unexpected, she was filled, for the moment, with a kind of madman malice; an impulse to be definitely cruel lurked behind the tender sentinel curve of her lips, and the wide innocence of her bewitching eyes hid, very successfully, a merciless desire to wound the two men who hung upon her words. Her mother, Madame de Lalanne, an elderly gentlewoman of Quebec, dozed over her knitting beside the ample hearth.

Mademoiselle was dressed in a shortish skirt of the pattern worn by the country girls. The material, however, was not of the coarse wool of the district, but a very heavy homespun. The bodice was of the same stuff, with sleeves turned back at the elbows to show arms that were skin almost to thinness, but milk-white and bewitchingly moulded. Over her shoulders was thrown carelessly a shawl of fine silk, black, but no blacker than the silk's hair above it. On her small, slim feet, one of which kept restlessly tapping the floor, she wore shoes of fine scarlet leather. These little shoes every girl in Acadia had heard of and discussed with jealous admiration; but few, indeed, even of the Grand Pre maid-servants had seen them, for the De Laines, mindful of their past seigneurial pride, maintained their aloofness amid their changed fortunes. Beautiful as was her face, broad-browed, finely chiselled, white with the warm whiteness of ivory, it was, above all, her eyes that made Marie de Lalanne the wonder of all Acadia. When she turned their dark radiance from time to time full upon her two cavaliers both felt their hearts jump painfully, and each burned with a fierce impulse to pitch the other from the nearest window.

The two young men upon whose passion she was playing so recklessly had come to Grand Pre village that same evening from opposite directions. Both had made all haste out over the hill to the old furnished by the Gasperine Captain Barras, journeying on snow-shoes from the French post at Chignecto; had arrived first, flushed with elation at finding mademoiselle alone—for Madame de Lalanne was ever too sunk in old dreams to count as a personality. Scarcely had he bowed his devots over the little restless white hand, which mademoiselle was wont to use as mercies least as her eyes, when there came from the hunting fields behind La Jette the spare, sombre-suited, silent figure of Jean Michel Landry de Lanten, the proud and impoverished descendant of the De Latours of Port Royal and St. John.

Now, on the coming of Captain Barras mademoiselle had not been overjoyed. It was when De Latour arrived that the caprice of gayety had seized upon her. What were these nubile maid-servants for, indeed, if not to furnish amusement through the hour of waiting before her? On the instant she was all graces.

"I trust your absence from Grand Pre has not seemed so long to you as it has to us, monsieur," she murmured as De Latour kissed her finger-tips and shot a glance of dark disdain at Barras.

The captain's mouth grew suddenly dry as he perceived in this changed demeanor of his hostess an explanation of the chill civility which had greeted his own arrival. But in the next moment those restless eyes flashed upon him something like a cress, and straightway, remembering all that he was and all that his rival was not—rich, handsome, and in high favor with the Governor of Quebec—he returned the newcomer's glance with interest.

When mademoiselle presented the two, De Latour's civil formality was a veiled declaration of war, while the elaborate courtesy of Barras was an equally insincere. And mademoiselle was suitably delighted.

The burden of the conversation was borne by Barras, who had a flow of glittering compliment at command. Mademoiselle de Lalanne had but to direct the game, now with deft turn of phrase, now with a smile, now with a swift look, and with such wicked nicely of skin did she direct it that within the half hour the air of that peaceful chamber seemed full of swords. At this point, however, she kept things under cover, so that neither man dared rattle the shining surface of civility which she had spread between them.

The ghostly patch of moonlight moved across the floor till it touched and paled the skirt of mademoiselle's shoes. Then, on a sudden, just as she opened her lips for some salty more sweetly venomous than that had gone before, the faint sound of a footstep in another part of the house caught her ear. No one she heard it, but it was what she was waiting for. Her face softened and she sprang up.

"Excuse me, messieurs," she said hastily; "I have forgotten something." And, in a breath, she was gone, closing the door behind her, and leaving the

two men to stand with blank faces staring after her.

So they stood for a moment, then turned to each other. De Latour spoke first.

"Your society is distressful to me, Captain Barras," he said coldly.

"I can quite imagine it, monsieur!" intimated Barras with the most courteous intonation. "Different, I suppose, from that to which you are accustomed?"

De Latour snuffed calmly. "Nevertheless," he said, "I could tolerate it for a short time under other conditions. Be bold under fire—there is a level space by the side of the water, where the moon shines clearly. I could meet you there with pleasure, so it be at once, monsieur!"

Barras' bold eyes blazed. This was just what he wanted. Yet, for the mere insolence of it, he affected to hesitate.

"Your appearance is against you, monsieur," he drawled; "but—yes, you are received by Mademoiselle de Lalanne and therefore I may without dishonor cross swords with you. His Excellency would understand, I am sure."

The two strode in silence, side by side, down the craggy, glittering slope, their distorted black shadows dancing grotesquely behind them. When they were within about a hundred paces of the fir-grove Mademoiselle de Lalanne returned to the room they had so hastily forsaken. Her face was now more softly radiant, and the laughing mirth had died out of her eyes. Close at her skirts came tall, fair-haired, ruddy-faced man, with English written large all over him. His eyes rested for a moment on madame's shuddering form in her big chair, then swept the empty spaces with a quizzical expression.

"Your fine birds have flown, sweet-heart," he exclaimed with a boyish laugh.

Mademoiselle was at the window in time to note the direction of their flight. At a glance she understood the imminent results of her coquetry. Pale with sudden fear she turned and clutched her companion's arm.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, "they have gone away to fight. Quick! quick! stop them!"

The Englishman laughed again—but very softly, so as not to waken madame and looked down into her face. He was thinking of her, of her lips, and he only half heard her words.

"Stop what?" he asked, stooping with a swift movement to kiss her. But she sprang back, angry and frightened. "Stop them, I say, Jack. They are going to fight, and perhaps they'll kill each other; and it's my fault. I've been very wicked. Oh, I'll go myself!" and she darted out of the room.

At this he awoke. He caught her before she was out of the house and clutched her firmly.

"It's an awkward thing, sweet," said he, "to interfere between two indignant gentlemen, who have a right to disagree in their own way. But if you say so I'll do it. What shall I say to them? How is it your fault?"

"Oh, stupid! Can't you see howwicked I've been? I've made them both think I cared for them! I've made them furiously jealous. I was so tired waiting for you to come! and now if they're killed I'll never speak to you again!"

Jack Moleby's face broke into a grin of delighted comprehension.

"Wretched!" he retorted, "I go" and made off down the snow with long strides. Throwing a hooded cloak about her and thrusting her feet, red shoes and all, into a pair of white, fur-lined moccasins, mademoiselle sped after him.

The light was almost like full day in the little white glade where the two Frenchmen faced each other with swords at the salute. The two fought in their vests, their coats lying on the snow near by. In still they appeared to be well matched, and De Latour, who had never before met any one at all his equal in fence, began to conceive an unwilling respect for the coxcomb captain. In fact he had just by the merest hair-breadth escaped a scratch when, from the edge of the grove, a voice of sharp authority rang out. "Halt!" and Captain Jack's tall figure appeared suddenly beside them.

With instant and instinctive obedience both men sprang back and dropped to their points; then, in the next second, both turned indignantly upon the intruder.

"Who are you, sir?" demanded De Latour, curtly.

"And by what right, if I may ask, do you interfere in our pastime?" inquired Barras.

Captain Jack, who was more embarrassed than he would have cared to show, chose to answer the latter question.

"By no right, gentlemen," he replied heartily, "and I beg to apologize in the fullest manner I know, too. I owe you satisfaction for my abruptness, and, of course, I am quite ready to afford it to you both if you demand it. But I beg you rather to accept my apology."

"We can discuss that later on," said De Latour, in tones of ice; "and meanwhile, Captain Barras, with your consent, we will resume."

But before the blades could cross again the Englishman stepped forward sharply, his own sword half drawn.

"Really, gentlemen," he began; in a voice of mastery, "I must insist that you stop fighting. No more of it, I say!" and his blood began to get hot. Then he remembered that he would certainly not be fulfilling Marie's wishes if he should himself kill one or perhaps both, of these impetuous and infatuated Frenchmen; and the thought gave him pause. He considered the situation very awkward altogether.

But now Jack Moleby had an inspiration. He would try diplomacy. Replacing his sword, and relaxing into his customary, large good-humor, he smiled genially upon the snowing faces.

"You see, gentlemen, I hated to disturb you, but I had to do as I was commanded. Mademoiselle de Lalanne sent me with positive orders to stop the fight at any cost. In my stupidity I thought I might have to fight you both, in order to obey her. But I should have known, as so in as I say the contrary gentlemen you were, that my once-fievel weapon would be the expression of her wishes. She simply implies you, if her happiness is of any concern to you, that you will do each other no injury. She bequeathes you to promise that you will put your quarrel, whatever it may be, forever by; without which promise she declares that she will live in ceaseless anxiety. I think, gentlemen, from my observation of her solicitude in this matter that one or the other of you must be honored by a very distinguished place in her regard."

Each, on hearing these sagacious words, conceived himself to be the one so honored. Into De Latour's cold eyes came a gleam of elation.

"Mademoiselle de Lalanne's wishes are a command, monsieur," said he, sheathing his sword. "I need no apology from you for having obeyed them."

"Bertha (who prides herself upon her red and whiteness)—Did she say anything about my complexion?"

"Madame—Oh, dear, no; she wouldn't be as rude as that."—Boston Transcript.

"Carrie—You should get him in sign the pledge when you marry."

"Edith—Why, he doesn't drink."

"Carrie—No; but he may be tempted to do so later."—New York Times.

"Bertha (who prides herself upon her red and whiteness)—Did she say anything about my complexion?"

"Madame—Oh, dear, no; she wouldn't be as rude as that."—Boston Transcript.

Tracing a Letter.

Here is a good illustration of how judicious the United States Postoffice department is in following up mail which is requested to look for and assure itself of delivery.

A lady in Boston sent a letter to her son in Manila on January 10, and as it occurred to her after she had mailed it that the address was incomplete, in that it did not contain the name of the regiment in which her son served, she wrote a letter to the Boston postmaster the same day, giving him the full address and asking him to trace the letter and supply the deficiency. This afternoon or to-morrow morning she will be informed that the letter, which she said was important, has reached its destination, the authorities in Manila having isolated it from the bulk of soldiers' mail and completed the address.

After the necessary investigation in the Boston postoffice the postmaster sent a communication to the San Francisco office, through which most of the military and naval mail goes, and explained to the postmaster, Hon. W. W. Montague, that the address on a certain letter which was dispatched from Boston via the Boston & Albany R. R. O. on train No. 10 was insufficient for its prompt delivery, and he gave the full address. At San Francisco the matter went through the hands of the postmaster and the superintendent of mails, and on January 18 it was referred to the clerk in charge of the naval and military mail. He made an investigation inquiry in the office and found that the letter was probably received on January 16 from train No. 8 and dispatched by steamer to Manila the same day.

Consequently it could not be intercepted on this side of the water, but in the next dispatch to Manila the postmaster of San Francisco sent all the papers relating to the letter to the Director General of Posts at Manila, P. I., so that the deficiency in the address might be supplied there, if the letter were found indeliverable.

Now the Boston postmaster has received a communication from Manila stating that the letter in question has been found. The addressee's letter of inquiry with the enclosed stamp for a reply, and all the papers which have been made out in the various postoffices relating to this letter have been sent to her.—Boston Evening Transcript.

What the Prisoner Said.

A celebrated judge was once trying a case where the accused could only understand Irish, and an interpreter was accordingly sworn. The prisoner said something to the interpreter and the latter replied, says Collier's Weekly, "What does he say?" demanded the judge.

"Nothing, my lord."

"How can you say that when we all heard him? Come, sir, what was it?"

"My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with the case."

"If you don't answer I'll commit you, sir. Now, what did he say?"

"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Whose that owd woman, with the red hed-earlin around her sitting up there?'

At which everybody roared.

"And what did you say?" said the judge, looking a little uncomfortable.

"I said, 'Whist ye spalpeen! That's the ould boy that going to hang ye!'"

Swelled the Collection.

A man came up to me one day after service in a frontier town and was pleased to address me in this manner:

"O say, parson, that there service and sermon was grand. I wouldn't have missed 'em for anything."

When I suggested that he band me the difference between the amount he had put in the collection basket and the figure he mentioned for my missionary work, he stopped suddenly, looked at me with his mouth wide open and then slowly pulled from his pocket \$1.00, which he handed to me without a word.—Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady in Ladies' Home Journal!

A Query.

"Come, come," cried the philosophic mamma dog, who had just chastised one of her puppies. "Can you mend matters by whining in that fashion?"

The puppy continued to whine. "If not," resumed the mother dog, "whine not?"

A Fall Out of Her Friend.

Ethel (fishing for a compliment)—I wonder what he saw in me to fall in love with?

Clarissa—That's what everybody says. But men are curious creatures dear.—Tit-Bits.

The Next Question.

"What is your occupation, my good woman?" said the examining attorney to the witness for the defendant.

"O'm a washerwoman, sor."

"Where do you hang out?"—Judge.

Seemingly Increditable.

"What? A man with a nose the color of yours expects me to believe that he has lived on water for three months?"

said the tramp; "you see, I'm a sailor just ashore."—Youkers Statesman.

"Judge, Your Honor," said the prisoner, "before I enter my plea I'd like to ask a few questions."

"You have the Court's permission."

"If I go to trial, will I have to sit here and listen while the lawyers ask hypothetical questions of the jurors?"

"Certainly."

"And then hear all the handwriting experts?"

"Of course."

"And follow the reasoning of the chemistry and insanity experts?"

"Very probably."

"Well, Judge, Your Honor, I'm ready to enter my plea."

"What is it?"

"Guilty,"—Washington Star.

"Yes, Edith was slightly wounded in the first fight. We have a letter from the regimental surgeon."

"

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Always BoughtBears the
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similating the Food and Regula-
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Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness
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Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.
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Sour Stomach, Diarrhea,
Worms, Convulsions, Feverish-
ness and LOSS OF SLEEP.Fac Simile Signature of
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At 6 months old
35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

Mice As Singers.

"Mine Own People."

There was one more lesson, a great surprise, in store for me. It is well known to scientists that the common house mouse has a song not unlike that of some birds. Occasionally gifted individuals are found that fill our closet or cellar with midnight music that a canary might be proud of. Yet further investigations have shown that the common deer mouse of the Eastern woods also is a gifted vocalist.

Now, any cowboy on the upland plains will tell you that at night when sleeping out he has often heard the most curious strains of birdy music in his half-awakening hours—a soft, sweet, twittering song, with trills and deeper notes—and if he thought about it at all he set it down to some small bird singing in its dreams, or excepted his comrade's inexploratory explanation that it was one of those "prairie nightingales." But what was he didn't trouble himself to know.

I have often heard the strange night song, but not being able to trace it home I set it down to some little bird that was too happy to express it all in daylight hours.

Several times at night I overheard from my captive a long-drawn note, before it dawned on me that this was the same voice as that that often sings to the rising moon. I did not hear him really sing, I am sorry to say. I have no final proof. My captive was not seeking to amuse me. Indeed, his attitude toward me from first to last was one of unbending scorn. I can only say I think that it was the same voice. But my allegiance is due to science. Oh! why didn't I take the other trail? for then I should have been able to announce here, as now I do not dare to, that the sweet night singer of the plains and the plushed-fledg'd fairy that nightly dined about my door are the same.

To Be Sure.

"I wouldn't like to be in one of those expeditions to the North Pole, would you?"

"Nor I prefer the South Pole."

"Huh! What's the difference between the two?"

"All the difference in the world,"—Philadelphia Press.

The Record.

"I understand they serve the quickest lunch in town."

"By all odds. Their lunch has killed a man in seven months. No other lunch has killed a man in less than ten months,"—Detroit Journal.

The women's Board of Missions of the Congregational Church has under its control about 130 missions, over 30 girls' boarding schools, nearly 300 day schools and about 170 Bible women. The total contributions last year amounted to \$10,000.

The experiments made in England for the production of a smokeless coal have met with entire satisfaction. The composition of the new product is 93 per cent, pit coal dust and 7 per cent, a mixture of Stockholm tar and coal-tar lime.

In Milwaukee recently nineteen aspirants for the position of keeper of a city natatorium were required to plunge into the tank in their street clothing and swim. It was a part of a civil service examination.

COPPER MINING STOCKS.

For development purposes the Bunker Hill-Sullivan Copper Mining Co., whose mines are at Index, Washington, offers a limited amount of full-paid and non-assessable treasury stock at 15c. per share. Par value, \$1.00.

At the opening of a mine money in hand, with more to follow at regular periods, is much more valuable than later. The present investors secure foundational advantages in the large increase of values which their money produces.

Several mines in this section have doubled and quadrupled.

The value and price of their stocks by only a few months development.

This is one of the most remarkable new copper mining districts ever discovered. The gold and silver values, in some instances, pay more than all expenses of mining and reduction.

Our claims, in its richest section, are near the John D. and Ethel, and evidently a continuation of the Copper Queen lead, which has produced some of the finest ore in the district.

Monthly payments if desired. This enables larger purchase before development causes increase of price, and we can depend upon receiving the instalments as needed in our work. The advantage is mutual.

Ours is an Eastern Company, and therefore easily investigated.

For prospectus and full information, address,

JOSHUA T. NOWELL, Fiscal Agent,
Stock Exchange Bldg., 53 State St., Boston, Mass.

Women's Dep't.

Col. Wm. B. Lowe.

The death of Col. William B. Lowe, of Georgia, whose wife, Mrs. Rebecca D. Lowe, is president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is felt as a real grief by the club women of Georgia. The Georgian and New Era says:

"His death is a loss to the community, his family and his friends. But at this time we would testify especially to the loss to club women and their work everywhere."

It is rare, indeed, that any woman accomplishes any successful or helpful public work without the approval and sanction of her husband. That Mrs. Lowe received this so fully, helped her to achieve as she has done. But Mr. Lowe's connection with club work was a nearer and more personal one than that of approval or consent. He personally knew and followed the club work of the State and the nation for itself, and felt the keenest interest in its fullest success. The circumstances of his life made this possible. For many years a semi-invalid, his naturally active and active mind became more and more quickened, and he delighted in the thought and people that the new movement brought about him, and by such influences his latter days were filled with a zest and an uplift which can rarely be furnished to failing lives.

In return he was ready ready, to give of his best in counsel, sympathy, and aid to every cause which was discussed about him.

In his death a friend has left us whose loss we sincerely mourn.

Progressive Weymouth Pastor

Rev. Frank B. Cressley, pastor of the Baptist Church at Weymouth, Mass., lately preached on "The Value of a Vote, or Preparation for Weymouth Election and Town Meeting." He made many good suggestions to the voters, and said, among other things:

But: yet further, as to town meetings, whether regular or special; the women of Weymouth should be present in large numbers. Every man in Weymouth should encourage his mother, his sister, his wife, his daughter to attend town meeting. I am well aware that, like idiots and criminals, our mothers and our wives, they to whom not a few of us owe well nigh all best and noblest that we are, have no vote; but surely we should at least be willing to let them sit in the gallery and see us do the supreme manhood, lord-of-creation act of voting our approval or disapproval of motions made. Suppose we try the experiment of cordially inviting these wingless angels of our homes to attend our next town meeting? Surely they will bring blessings with them.

Again, more, is there not some way by which we men of Weymouth can allow the women of Weymouth to vote in our town meeting, if not at the polls? Some of these women are widows or unmarried, and pay large taxes, and yet they have no vote whatever, while hundreds of us men, who own not a dollar's worth of taxable property, may vote to our hearts' content, even ordering what shall be done with these women's taxes. Oh! the outrage of it! When will the men of Massachusetts, we men of Weymouth, right this wrong?

The "New Boy."

"The new boy" is of later origin than the "new woman," said Mrs. V. W. Witherspoon, who lectured recently in Brooklyn, N. Y. "He can make his own bed, sew buttons on his own clothing, cook his own breakfast, and wash the dishes, if necessary, and he is no longer considered a 'sissy' for so doing.

He can carry on successfully a bachelor establishment for his father and himself, make out the menus, hire the domestics, and even do his part socially, without losing his place among the first six in school.

"The 'new boy' is the result of a growing belief among mothers and educators that domestic training is just as good for boys as for girls. They argue that a domestically trained boy makes the best husband, and that the brother who is obliged occasionally to make his own bed or boil an egg will not look down on his sister for doing the same things; also the girl who can use her brother's kit of tools will no longer consider him a superior being, because the tools are his property rather than hers."

Loving Mother With Strength.

A little boy declared that he loved his mother "with all his strength." He was asked to explain what he meant by "with all his strength." He said:

"Well, I'll tell you. You see, we live on the fourth floor of this tenement, and there's no elevator, and the coal is kept down in the basement. Mother is dreadfully busy all the time, and she isn't very strong; so I see to it that the coal hod is never empty. I lug the coal up four flights of stairs all by myself. And it's a pretty big hod. It takes all my strength to get it up there. Now, isn't that loving my mother with all my strength?"—Selected.

Niagara Suspension Bridge.

There lately died at Lincoln, Neb., a man named J. H. Walsh, who had an important part in the construction of the first suspension bridge at Niagara Falls.

When he was still a boy the first steps for the construction of the suspension bridge were taken. The first thing of all was to stretch a single wire across the chasm. The engineer in charge had thought of a way to get it across.

"What boy is the best kite-flyer in town?" he asked a resident.

The Walsh boy was named, and the engineer asked that he be brought. He was made to understand that he must fly his kite across the Niagara River. He flew it across, and allowed it to come down on the other side. Men were there to seize it. Then the engineer attached a wire to the string on this side, and the men on the other side detached the kite, and by means of the string drew the wire across, and the bridge was well begun.

Mr. Walsh afterward moved to Nebraska and became a prominent citizen of Lincoln.—Youth's Companion.

Where It Was Needed.

"Where's Bleggs goin' with the lawn mower?"

"Goin' up to call on th' grass widow,"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Clipper.

"Has he got a yacht?"

"No, but he has a revenue cutter that's a regular clipper."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, The scissors he cuts his coupons with!"—Philadelphia Press.

Where It Was Needed.

"Funny to hear the bride repeat the service, wasn't it?"

"Yes. She stutters."

"Stutterer thought she was trying to do it in ragtime,"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Mistake.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly given. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. All questions or inquiries must be put in writing. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering questions always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to E. H. TILLEY, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1900.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

REHOBOTH, June 28, 1793. Yesterday having been appointed to the celebration of the Festival of St. John the Baptist, the Brethren of Eastern Star Lodge convened at the house of Mr. Goff, Innholder, in Rehoboth, at 10 o'clock, a.m. A procession was formed at 11 o'clock of the Brethren of the Lodge, visiting Brethren, neighboring Clergy, &c., which proceeded to Rev. Mr. Rogerson's Meeting House, accompanied by instrumental music. A well-adapted prayer was made, and an ingenuous and evangelical discourse from these words, "Let all things be done with charity." 1st Corinthians XVI, 14, was delivered by Mr. Elisha Fisk, Tutor of R. I. College, which was succeeded by an interesting and well-calculated oration, pronounced by Brother James Ellis. The exercises were interspersed with well-chosen pieces of vocal and instrumental music, and the performance did honor to the choir.

The procession returned to Mr. Goff's where they partook of an elegant entertainment. After a number of toasts expressive of Masonic virtue, and the promptitude of a Mason to defend his country, and support its just rights, the business of the day was closed, and the Brethren retired to their respective habitations at an early hour. Through the whole, that harmony and order were conspicuous, which are the appropriate enjoyments of the Fraternity. A numerous and respectable assembly were convened on the occasion, whose attention and decorum were highly gratifying to the Lodge. The performances received general applause and served greatly to remove the errors of prejudice and misguided zeal. — U. S. Chronicle, Providence, R. I., June 2, 1793.

PROVINCIAL, January 21, 1790. On Monday last week a quarterly meeting of the Providence association of Mechanics and Manufacturers, was held at the State House in this town. At this meeting a nomination of officers for the ensuing year took place—and it must have given pleasure to all present to see the harmony and unanimity with which this business was conducted. A number of gentlemen were at this meeting elected members, and several stand propounded for admission at the adjournment on the second Monday in February next. Among other important objects the association have in view, are the accumulation of a fund sufficient to assist any member who may by misfortune be distressed—to endeavor to prevent law suits, by obliging their members to submit any disputes which may arise to referees—and to inculcate the importance and absolute duty of a strict and punctual fulfillment of contracts.

Died—On Friday last, in the 29th year of her age, Mrs. Mary Remington, widow of Mr. James W. Remington, and daughter of Capt. Christopher Sheldon, of this town.

At Smithfield, on the 15th inst., Mrs. Bathsheba Arnold, widow of Capt. Daniel Arnold. In justice to her memory it may truly be said, that the bounty of her hand relieved the poor, and through life she was a pattern of industry and frugality.—U. S. Chronicle, Providence, R. I., Jan. 21, 1790.

QUERIES.

1272. MARBLE—Can any one give me the ancestry of Samuel Marble of Andover and Salem, Mass.? He was born 1648, died 1729, married 11, 26, 1676, Rebecca Andrews. What was her ancestry? She was born —, died after 1718. Their daughter Elizabeth, born 1677, married 1712, John Slap. Can any one give me his parentage? Where did he come from?—R. C. D.

1273. KELLEY—What was the parentage of David Kelley, of Yarmouth, Mass.? When was he born? He died 1697. His wife was Jane —. I should like to know her maiden name and the date of her birth. She died October 17, 1711. Can any one give me information concerning their son Jeremiah?—L. G. H.

1274. HASKETT—Stephen Hasket was born in England, died in Salem, Mass., before 1698. He married Elizabeth Langton, in Exeter, England. Who were her parents? She died after her husband. Should be glad for any of the missing dates and names.—L. G. H.

1275. DANIELS—Robert Daniels lived at Watertown and Cambridge, Mass. He died July 6, 1655. When was he born, and whom did he marry? I think he had two wives; the first was Elizabeth —. Can any reader of the MERCURY give me her maiden name and parentage? When did they marry? He married for his second wife, in 1654, Anna Andrews. To what family of Andrews did she belong?—W. M.

1276. CARD—Who was Jane —, wife of Joseph Card, of Newport, R. I., son of Richard. Joseph was born 1648, died 1729. When did he marry? His wife died before 1717. Would like any information concerning her.

Edward Card, son of above Joseph, born —, died —, married 1699, —. Coky. What was her Christian name, and who were her parents? What were the dates of his birth and death? Where did he live?

Mary Card, daughter of Joseph, married — Phillips. Of what family was her husband, and what were the dates of his birth and death of each? When did they marry?—B. R. T.

1277. BURKE—Richard Burke, of Roxbury, Mass., married Judith —, who married for her second husband, Robert Parker. Richard was born about 1660 and died about 1695. Judith was born 1662, died 1682. Would like to know the maiden name and ancestry of Judith, and the ancestry of Richard and Burke.—R. M. N.

1278. PORTER—Who were the parents of Edward Porter, who married first Elizabeth —, and second Rhoda

—. He died 1677. When was he born, and what were the maiden names of his two wives?—T. A. G.

1279. FRENCH—Jonathan Thayer, of Milford, Mass., married 1679, Elizabeth French, of John and Grace (—) French. Elizabeth was born 1655, died 1763. What was the ancestry of her father, John French, and what was the maiden name and what were the parents of her mother, Grace?—What did they live?—W. L. G.

1280. WING—Who was the wife of Matthew Wing, born —, died about 1612? He was of Barnbury, Oxford County, England. His grandson Daniel was of Sandwick, Mass.—C. C. S.

1281. KINDRICK—In the Census of Rhode Island of 1771, is given the name of Alexander Kindrick, living then in Cranston, with one male above 16, in his family, and two females above, and two under sixteen. Who can tell me anything about this Alexander Kindrick? Where in Rhode Island were there others of the name?—C. R. L.

1282. GARDNER—Can any one give me any information concerning Ezekiel Gardner, who lived in North Kingstown, R. I., about the time of the Revolutionary War? I think he had a son Ezekiel, Jr. Had he any other children? If so, what were the dates of their birth and death? What was the ancestry of Ezekiel, and who was his wife?—G. H. K.

1283. RICE—In Col. John Topham's Regiment, in the Revolutionary War, 1776, there were several of the name of Rice. Can any one tell whether they belonged to the same family? Randall Rice was Ensign, and there were Caleb, William, and Isaac, privates. I should like information in regard to this family. —E. G. P.

1284. SPRAGUE—Did Elias Sprague, of Smithfield, R. I., marry? He was living in 1770 and perhaps later. Who was his wife, and what were the names of his children, if he had children?—S. S.

1285. ALLEN—Who were the parents of Joseph Allen, of Newport, R. I.? He married Sarah — in 1662. What was her maiden name? Did they have a son William, who lived at Salem, Mass.?—S. A. H.

1286. NELSON—Who were the ancestors of Ann, widow of Jeremiah Nelson, of Philip and Elizabeth, of Rowley, Mass.? He was born 1674. Was killed by the Indians, in Duxbury, Mass., July 10, 1704. What was the maiden name of Elizabeth?—M. B. N.

1287. TOWNSEND—Who were the parents of Ebenezer Townsend, who married 1738 Elizabeth Larimore, of Boston, Mass.? They removed to New Haven, Connecticut, where she died, in 1781. What was her ancestry?—L. L.

1288. BATES—What was the maiden name of Minty, wife of Lieut. James Bates, of Haddam, Conn.? His will, made in 1782, mentions wife Mary, and eight daughters.—A. C. W.

1289. CHACE—Barnabas Chace, born November 14, 1708, died 1781, married May 13, 1736, Ruth Sherman, of Isaac and Sarah Sherman, born January 9, 1719. Who did she die? They had five children, Deborah, Stephen, Sarah, Abner, and Thankful. What were the dates of birth of these children? They lived, I think, in Dartmouth, Mass. Abner was the executor of his father's will, made May 26, 1780, proved May 1, 1781. He married February 5, 1781, Abigail Stratton. What were the names of his parents? Did he have any children?

1290. SPENCER—Simpson Spencer was a farmer probably of Rochester, Mass. He was born January 12, 1700, died 1742. He married April 18, 1724, Sarah Jenney, daughter of Lettie and Desire Jenney, born May 28, 1699. When did she die? They had a son Benjamin, who was born June 25, 1729. When did he die? Did he marry?—A. D. E.

1291. WEEKS—Joseph Weeks, son of Thomas and Catherine (Clark) Weeks, was born January 6, 1747, died October 11, 1836. He lived in Hardwick, Mass., but removed during the latter part of his life to Hardwick, Vermont. He married Hannah Willis. Who was she, and what was her ancestry? When was she born?—C. K. W. D.

1292. MARTIN—Benjamin Martin was the fifth son of Benjamin and Sarah (Kingsley) Martin, and was born in Swaine, Mass., April 5, 1765. He married Sarah Cole. What was her ancestry?—H. M.

1293. GIBBS—Matthew Gibbs, probably of Framingham, Mass., son of Matthew, married Sarah Page, April 21, 1709. What were the birth dates of Matthew Gibbs and his wife Sarah Page? What was the ancestry of Sarah Page?—N. I. H.

1294. HEMENWAY—Richard Hemenway, of Sudbury, Mass., married Rebeckah Palmer. Who were her parents? When were they married? Their son Daniel was born May 29, 1780.—T. O. A.

1295. TAYLOR—Edward Taylor, of Leicester, Mass., married Elizabeth —. They had Samuel, born 1718; Edmund, born 1721; Bartholomew, born 1722; Adonijah, born 1728; James, born 1731. Who can give me the ancestry of Edward Taylor, and the maiden name and ancestry of his wife Elizabeth?—L. M. S.

1296. STICKNEY—Thomas Stickney was a native of Newburyport, and afterward lived in Haverhill and Boston, Mass. He died July 28, 1791. His widow married John Lyon, Jr. What was the maiden name of his wife? When was he born, and what was his ancestry?—H. T. J.

ANSWERS.

1297. WILLIAMS—Charlotte Newell, wife of David, was born in Cumberland, R. I., December 30, 1715. Her father was Rebeckah Miller, of Daniel and Hannah (—) Miller. I cannot find her maiden name. Robert

Williams and Rebeckah (Miller) Williams had five children, Hannah, born March 10, 1714; Charlotte, born December 30, 1715; Betty, born March 20, 1718; Lavinia, born November 25, 1720. In Rebeckah Williams' will, which was made May 12, 1714, these children are mentioned—Hannah, Dexter, Charlotte, Newell, Lavinia, Keene, Molly Inman, Montague Williams. The records of Cumberland give some, although not much clue to the early members of the family. Rebeckah Williams died in January, 1725, and her will was admitted to probate February 7, 1725. Robert Williams, father of Charlotte, and husband of Rebeckah, disappeared. A notice in the records says "Absconded" and on April 16th, 1722, Rebeckah applied to the Court for letter of administration on the estate of Robert Williams, schoolmaster, deceased, or however unknown where. The letter of administration was granted, but she never made any return of the trust. Robert owned a piece of land with house, which he bought of Jonathan Bosworth, on December 17, 1717, and sold December 19, 1725, to Jeremias Atmaston and Joshua Mills. Rebeckah was given land by her father, Daniel Miller, the date of transfer being May 27, 1707. She sold this to her son-in-law, John Keene, on March 30, 1722. In the inventory of her estate, John Keene is mentioned as in debt to her "balance due on notes for land \$69.82."—F. B. C.

Precocious.

A small boy, examining a hair of his head through a magnifying glass, was asked what he was doing. He replied, "I read from the Bible this morning that even the hairs of our head are numbered, but I can't find any number on mine."—Types.

Happiness results from being content with what you haven't got.

E. L. Doucette & Co.,

BROKERS

—AND DEALERS IN—

LOCAL STOCKS,

Investment Securities.

233 Thames Street.



At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Monday, the 20th day of April, A. D. 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by advertisement in the Newport Mercury once a week at least, for fourteen days. DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 18th day of June, A. D. 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested by "advertisement in the Newport Mercury once a week at least, for fourteen days." DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Probate Clerk.

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